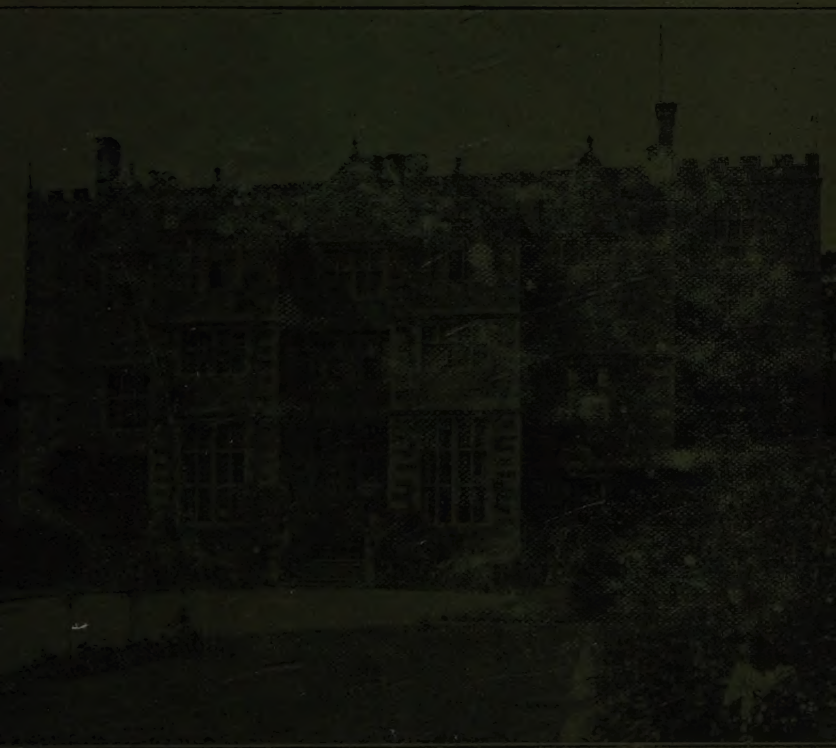
CHASTLETON HOUSE
AND
GUNPOWDER PLOT



MARY WHITMORE JONES

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Sarah Jones of Chastleton
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The Gunpowder Plot.

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Chastleton House.

CHASTLETON HOUSE: THE SOUTH ENTRANCE.

The Gunpowder Plot

and

Life of Robert Catesby

also an account of

Chastleton House

BY

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PREFACE.

In giving this account of an interesting old house, I have to acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to the Rev. David Royce, Vicar of Nether Swell, who most kindly took much trouble to obtain extracts from the Oseney deeds at Christ Church, giving all the earlier particulars. The remainder were gathered from old deeds and papers, county histories, and family tradition.

I have ventured to retell the most dramatic story in English history—the Gunpowder Plot—because Chastleton was so intimately connected with it. It was the home of Robert Catesby, and the last estate which he could call his own; and the purchase money of it (after the failure of the Spanish intrigue) was devoted to the purpose of carrying out the most complete and the

most diabolical project that the mind of man could conceive. Thus the account of Chastleton seems hardly complete without adding that of the Gunpowder Plot. I have in my possession the deed of sale with Robert Catesby's signature, probably the last legal document he ever signed. For the concluding incidents I am indebted to a paper read before the Birmingham and Midland Institute by W. Salt Brassington, Esq., in 1888 : "The Gunpower Plot and its connection with the Midlands."

I have also to acknowledge with thanks, the great kindness of the Proprietors of *Country Life* who have allowed me to reproduce for the purposes of this work, many of their excellent illustrations, notably, the Front Entrance, the Hall, the Great Chamber, the Gallery (taken before the ceiling was restored), and the Mantel Piece in the State Room, with the Fettiplace Arms.

MARY WHITMORE JONES.

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ROBERT CATESBY:

THE CONSPIRATOR.

In these days of Anarchist plots, when political assassination has called in the aid of science to enable it to achieve its horrid ends with a refinement of atrocity unknown to our forefathers, it may be interesting to recall the story of the greatest projected crime in English history, the Gunpowder Plot; and in so doing to apportion the blame more justly to the actors therein than has hitherto been the case.

Guy Faux, who was arrested as he was waiting to apply the match that was to send hundreds to a dreadful death, has ever since been the central figure in the popular imag-

ination. Yet, though a willing tool enough, he was still but a tool : Robert Catesby, the designer, the organiser ; the moving spirit of the whole conspiracy—is the man who ought to have been burnt in effigy every Fifth of November.

The character of Robert Catesby presents a curious psychological study to those interested in tracing the anomalies of human nature.

An iron will, an utterly ruthless disposition if anything clashed with that will ; an unconquerable energy that would not accept defeat, but as fast as one project failed set to work to weave another—many men have possessed all these qualities, but few have combined with them as Catesby did, a charm and fascination of manner that drew others to him ; not as weak minds are drawn under the domination of strong ones, but by the bonds of warm personal affection. Such love as Jonathan felt for David, Catesby's intimate friends felt for him ; and they followed him blindly to their destruction,

actuated principally, if not solely, by this feeling. Sir Everard Digby at his trial, began his defence by saying, "The first motive which drew him into the action was not ambition or discontent of his estate, neither malice to any in Parliament; but the friendship and love he bore to Catesby, which prevailed so much, and was so powerful with him, as that for his sake he was contented and ready to hazard himself and his estate."

Ambrose Rookwood pleaded for mercy on the ground that "he had been neither author nor actor, but only persuaded and drawn with the tender respect, and the faithful and dear affection he bare to Master Catesby his friend, whom he esteemed more dearer than anything else in the world."

The man must have possessed loveable qualities to have been so loved; and yet how callous the heart that could not only conceive such a hideous project as the Gunpowder Plot, but persist in it unrelentingly through weeks of hard and patient toil; and,

which was still more difficult, through months of waiting for his opportunity.

Catesby's personal description is: "He was of person above two yards high, and though slender, yet as well proportioned to his height as any man should see. His countenance was exceedingly noble and expressive. His conversation and manners were peculiarly attractive and imposing, and by the dignity of his character he exercised an irresistible influence over the minds of those he was associated with."

This is the testimony of Tesmond (alias Greenway) the Jesuit, and the truth of the description is borne out by the undoubted influence he possessed over all those with whom he came into intimate contact.

His family was a well-known and distinguished one in the Midland counties, he being fifth in descent from Richard the Third's minister, lampooned as "The Cat" in the famous distich which sent its author to the scaffold.

It appeared to be an article of faith in the

Catesby family that the sons should marry heiresses ; by which they became possessed of many fair manors in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and were connected with most of the notabilities in those counties.

Robert Catesby married Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh. She brought him no land, but a dowry of £2,000, a considerable sum in those days ; and Sir William Catesby settled on his son the manors of Chastleton and Brookend, Rodborne and Ladbroke ; with the reversion after his mother's death, of those of Ashby-St.-Legers, Lapworth, Bromeham, Bushwood, Sillesworth and Watford. The enumeration of these manors sounds very imposing ; but if the Catesbys gained money, they were not successful in keeping it, and one by one those allotted to Robert were made away with. He was an ardent Roman Catholic, and the strongest wish of his heart was to restore England to that faith, and being a born plotter he was mixed up in

most of the schemes which had that end in view. Consequently he was much impoverished by reason of the many fines he had to pay, until Chastleton was the only manor remaining to him. He lived there with his wife for some years, and there is an entry in the parish register of the baptism of his son Robert, Nov. 11th, 1595. The death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, probably gave an additional warp to his mind, and he threw himself with redoubled energy into the schemes of Garnet, Tesmond, Gerrard, and other restless spirits among the Jesuits, who came and went between Spain, Rome and England; carrying their lives in their hands as they moved about under many aliases; perpetually weaving plots against Elizabeth, which were as perpetually foiled. Robert Catesby was one of the three hundred gentlemen who assembled in London in Essex's abortive attempt at insurrection; for which offence he was imprisoned, and fined £3,000.

Immediately after his release, he began

another scheme in concert with Garnet, Francis Tresham, (his cousin), Tesmond, and Thomas Wintour, a Worcestershire gentleman, for a Spanish invasion of England, and Wintour was sent to Spain to negotiate it. His instructions were to ask for assistance in money for the English Roman Catholics; to promise a general rising on their part; and, as the transportation of horses was at that time a very difficult matter, to engage that these should be provided in England. For the place of landing, if the Spanish army should be a large one, somewhere on the Kent or Essex coast was judged the most advisable; but if small, and depending chiefly on the English Roman Catholics, then Milford Haven was suggested as the better port.

Philip, longing to wipe out the bitter memories of the ignominious failure of the Armada, inclined a gracious ear to the proposal. He instructed Count Miranda to promise a subsidy of a hundred thousand

crowns, and to engage that he would send an expedition in the spring.

The hopes of the conspirators now rose high. Catesby professed a wish to leave England, and applied for and obtained the command of a troop in the Low Countries; but this was merely a blind to give a colourable pretext for his buying the horses required by the Spaniards.

Partly for this purpose, and partly to pay up his last fine, he sold his last remaining estate, that of Chastleton, to Walter Jones, a rich woollen merchant of Witney, for £4,000. The deed, with Catesby's signature, is in the possession of Thos. W. Whitmore Jones, Esq., of Chastleton. The transaction, however, was hardly completed, when the death of Elizabeth, in March, 1602, put a complete end to this scheme.

Wintour was sent again to Spain; but Philip's quarrel was a personal one with Elizabeth; he was on good terms with her heir, the King of Scotland, and he peremptorily and decidedly refused to fulfil his part of the contract.

Another cobweb was thus swept away; and before the indefatigable spiders began to weave a fresh one, there was a pause.

It was whispered among the Roman Catholics that King James's Protestantism was not of so inflexible a nature as Elizabeth's had been.

His mother had been of the Romish faith, to which it was thought he himself was secretly inclined, in which case the day for which these restless and turbulent spirits were longing was about to dawn.

In this hope, Thomas Percy, a relation of the Duke of Northumberland, and a close friend of Robert Catesby's, was despatched to Holyrood on a sort of secret mission to ascertain the King's real sentiments, and what his intentions were towards his Roman Catholic subjects. Now James had been warned by Cecil to give no special pledges to any one, and this advice he steadily adhered to; but as it was his object to stand well with all classes of his subjects he received Percy very civilly, gave him to

understand that he would not be too prying about "mass said in a corner;" and that his wish was to do equal justice to all; with divers other civil speeches. Percy was a vain man, specially proud of his diplomatic talents; he interpreted every vague expression of goodwill as a distinct promise, and he returned to his friends pluming himself much on the success of his mission.

The disappointment was all the greater when he and they found that the star of Protestantism was still in the ascendant. True, the king proclaimed an amnesty when he came into England, of which, among others, Father Garnet, the chief of the Jesuits, availed himself. James also kept his word about not being over keen to spy out the "corners" in which mass was said. For over a year, in fact while the malcontents kept quiet, no one was troubled for his religious opinions. But mere tolerance was not at all what the Jesuits and their friends wanted.

Of the two states they distinctly preferred

persecution, for it had the effect of keeping men's minds strung up to a pitch of enthusiasm in which they would do and dare much more than when immersed in the calm concerns of daily life. The great bulk of the Roman Catholics were not of this way of thinking; tolerance was a boon that they greatly appreciated, and after events showed that harassed as they were by civil disabilities for clinging to their ancient faith, yet in spite of this there did not exist in England a more loyal body than the Roman Catholic gentry. And herein lay the grand mistake of the conspirators. They were themselves desperate men, urged on by the equally potent spurs of Fanaticism, ambition, revenge and impecuniosity. The latter not the least among their motives for desiring a general bouleversement, for they could hardly be worse off than frequent fines had made them, and might be much better if their party could only get the upper hand. They inflamed one another with the recital of their wrongs and sufferings; and they imagined the whole

of their co-religionists shared their ideas and feelings.

The motives which actuated the Jesuits, who were the leading spirits of the whole movement were less mixed. Their one sole object was to regain for their Church its lost ascendancy. Scruples as to the means of doing this they had none ; for was it not one of their tenets that it was lawful to do evil that good might come ? They studied their tools, and knew well what passion to inflame in one ; what inducement to hold out to another ; and how to work on the fears of a third.

In the latter days of Elizabeth's reign the Pope had issued two Bulls ! one addressed to the Catholic clergy, the other to the laity, excommunicating the Queen, and absolving Roman Catholics from their allegiance to any Protestant successor ; whom it was declared lawful to rebel against, to kill, or procure his deposition by any means. These Bulls were Father Garnet's trump cards, and he played them with great effect among the

knot of malcontents led by Catesby, Percy and Tresham, when he took advantage of the amnesty to come to England openly.

It was on a bright September morning that Catesby and Percy sat together conferring on the state of affairs. The latter was deeply wounded in his self-complacency; he had been so proud of his powers of persuasion: but the King had not turned Roman Catholic, as Percy had so confidently predicted he would do; and their religion was as far as ever from being re-established in England. All Percy's confident and vain-glorious boasting about the success of his mission to Holyrood was proved baseless, and the remembrance added the stings of wounded vanity to his bitter feelings of disappointment. He sat in deep musing for some time, then suddenly burst out:

"There is nothing for it but to kill the King, and I will undertake the deed."

"No, Tom," answered Catesby, "thou shalt not adventure thyself to so small purpose. If thou wilt needs be a traitor, there

is a plot to greater advantage, and such as shall never be discovered."

He then disclosed to his friend the scheme that had been maturing in his deep and wily mind; and certainly, putting considerations of humanity aside, and regarding the plot merely from an intellectual point of view, it was the most sagacious; the most calculated to attain the end in view; and the most thoroughly thought out in all its details of any plot of the kind before or since. To kill the King would be but to wreak vengeance on an individual, the course of affairs would continue in the same groove. But—to destroy the whole Government, the King and his sons, so that there should be no male claimant to the Throne; the Ministers and chief officers of State; the principal part of the nobility and gentry—then, in the dire confusion that must ensue, to come boldly forward and seize the reins; to carry off the Princess Elizabeth from Lord Harrington, in whose charge she was; to proclaim her Queen on condition of her

becoming Roman Catholic; and thus to bring back England into the fold of the Romish Church, from which (according to their ideas) she had been forced to stray. Such were the outlines of the scheme which Catesby, with all the power of his eloquence, poured into Percy's fascinated ear; the very largeness of the idea blinding both men's eyes to its utter atrocity! It was necessary that Percy should be the first to be consulted, as he possessed a special power of furthering the scheme. He was a Gentleman-Pensioner, and as such obliged to live in London part of the year? so that he could, without exciting any suspicion, hire a house in a favourable situation for their purpose, and this he willingly undertook to do.

He soon found one that would suit them exactly, for it abutted on the Parliament House, and he accordingly hired it from the owner, Henry Ferris.

Catesby took a house on the opposite side of the river at Puddle Wharf, in which he put Robert Keyes, an impoverished gentle-

man, as caretaker. Here he gradually accumulated a store of gunpowder. In the meantime he was casting about for trusty confederates; and Guy Faux, a Yorkshire gentleman, then serving with the Spanish army in Flanders, was sent for.

Thomas Wintour (or Winter) and John Wright were also taken into the secret of some fresh design being in contemplation, and in April, 1604, these five men met in a lonely house in the fields, near St. Clement's Inn, and administered to one another the following oath, taking it upon their knees:—"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave." After they had all taken the oath Catesby explained his project in detail, and then they adjourned to an upper room, where Father Gerrard, a Jesuit priest, administered

the Sacrament to these intending wholesale murderers!

How men could have so blinded themselves it is difficult; in this more merciful age, it is *extremely* difficult to comprehend; especially as these five gentlemen about to enter on this diabolical project were by no means monsters in human form delighting in cruelty for its own sake.

We have seen how Catesby was beloved, and here is the character of Guy Faux, drawn by a partial pen certainly, that of Father Greenway. Still, allowing a wide margin for exaggeration, it does not read like the description of a ruthless murderer. "He was a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes; a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances. His society was sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue."

Who would think that this was a descrip-

tion of Guy Faux! whose name has been held up to execration for three centuries!

It only shows the extraordinary power fanaticism has "To make the worse appear the better cause," especially when religion is dissociated from the plain teachings of morality.

Percy, having taken possession of his new house, and laid in a store of dried meats, pasties, and other provisions that would keep, in order not to excite suspicion by sending out for food; the five commenced their task. Faux, in the capacity of Percy's servant, and under the name of Johnson, did all the outside errands. He also directed the operations, being the only one of the party who had any experience of mining.

The plan was to make an excavation in the cellar; cut through the dividing wall; and run the mine under the Parliament House; and had they carried out this scheme their murderous intention would have been in all probability successful. They laboured incessantly for weeks; two working, two resting, and one keeping watch. But the

wall was of immense thickness and very hard, and they made so little way that they found it necessary to get more hands. Accordingly Robert Keyes and John Wright's brother Christopher, were enrolled in the desperate band, taking the same oath that the others had done. Beside these seven, there was another person who occasionally visited the house ; this was the Jesuit priest, Oswald Tesmond, alias Greenway. He was there on one occasion when a panic seized the excavators ; with pale scared faces they scrambled out of the hole, crying out that they heard a death bell tolling ! and so great was their fear at this omen that they were on the point of giving up the enterprise altogether.

Unfortunately for them the priest was there ; he laughed their panic to scorn, saying it was only a device of the evil one, whom he would encounter. With what appeared to them extraordinary courage he went down alone into the hole, sprinkled it with holy water, and calmly emerging, of course

in perfect safety, he performed mass, which calmed their minds and nerved them to go on with their task. They were ill at ease however from that time, and a few days after they had another fright. A rumbling noise above their heads made them think either that the mine was falling in, or that their design had been discovered, and the authorities were working down to them. Again they abandoned their task and clustered together in great perturbation. Faux stole off to reconnoitre and returned with the news that a coal merchant of the name of Bright, who had rented a cellar under the Parliament House was removing to another locality and getting his coals out. The conspirators looked at one another, the same thought evidently passing through all their minds. They had by this time realised the enormous difficulty of the task they had set themselves ; the wall was so thick, and so solidly built, that with all their hard and incessant work their progress seemed to be by inches only. The Parliament they had

doomed had been prorogued for some months, but there did not seem much chance of their getting through the wall by the time it was summoned to meet again. Now if they could only get possession of this cellar they could store their powder at once, and leaving their hard manual toil go about the equally necessary work of making preparations in the country for the catastrophe. To men whose life for many weeks had alternated between working hard in a dark, damp hole for hours, and sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion when they came out of it, this prospect of returning to the outer world was more than welcome.

The business was soon transacted, Master Percy sauntered in a casual manner to where Bright's men were at work, and remarked to the foreman that the cellar would suit his purpose well for his own coals, if he could hire it. No objection was made, and no suspicion excited; Percy hired the cellar, and straightway proceeded to fill it.

Little did the gay pleasure parties he and

Catesby met on the river, as they rowed backwards and forwards between their houses, guess what sort of freight it was that lay in the bottom of that innocent looking boat.

Gradually the whole stock which Catesby had bought, being twenty barrels, was brought over. Fourteen barrels more were added during the summer, as it was thought that the original supply might have become what they called "dankish," so that the whole amount intended to have been exploded was thirty-four barrels; and to increase the force of the explosion large stones and bars of iron were placed on the barrels, faggots and coals being so disposed over them as to completely conceal them.

This business finished, there were several months before them in which to mature their plans, as it was then early in the year, and Parliament was not to meet till the autumn.

The first, and most necessary step was to enlist men with means, for money was im-

peratively wanted; and it was now that Catesby used his immense personal influence to draw Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham (Catesby's cousin) into the plot; while Thomas Wintour enlisted his brother Robert, and his brother-in-law, John Grant, a moody, melancholy man who had suffered heavily for his religion, and on one occasion had been put to the torture. These new recruits took the oath of secrecy, and Catesby made his man, Thomas Bates, take it also, and these were the only persons, with the exception of two or three Jesuit priests, who were acquainted with the details of the plot.

It must not be supposed that all these gentlemen gave in their adhesion to so dreadful a deed without any scruple or hesitation. Most of them were struck with horror on first hearing what it was proposed to do, and it required all Catesby's powers of persuasion, backed by Father Garnet's authority to bring them unwillingly into the project. Even Catesby himself had his scruples

—not, indeed, as to the scheme, about which he never appears to have wavered from the time of his first conceiving the idea; but as he knew that there must be of necessity some Catholics attending the parliament, his conscience, which did not trouble him in the least on the main point, protested against his involving his co-religionists in the general destruction. To resolve his doubts, he put a hypothetical case to Father Garnet; "Whether for the good and promotion of the Catholic cause against heretics (the necessity of time and occasion so requiring) it be lawful or not amongst so many Nocents, to destroy and take away some Innocents also?"

To this question, Garnet (knowing perfectly well what it meant) answered, "That if the advantage were greater to the Catholic part by taking some Innocents together with many Nocents, then doubtless it should be lawful to kill and destroy them all." And he instanced the case of a town besieged; "if at the time of taking thereof there

happen to be some few friends within the place they must undergo the fortune of war in the general and common destruction of the enemy."

Fortified by this opinion, Catesby choked down his own scruples, and freely used the argument to silence those of his friends.

The work of preparation now went on without intermission, though of course quietly and secretly. The country houses of nearly all the confederates were within riding distance of each other; and through the summer the quiet Warwickshire and Worcestershire lanes were traversed by gentlemen apparently paying friendly visits to each other, but in reality consulting and arranging matters of dire import.

Lapworth, where Catesby, Percy and the Wrights had their headquarters; Norbrook Grange, John Grant's house; Huddington Court, belonging to Robert Wintour; Coughton Court, borrowed by Sir Everard Digby from the Throckmortons; were all within the radius of a few miles.

Norbrook Grange, being in a very retired situation was chosen as a good place for storing arms ; and there was another depôt at Ashby-St.-Legers, where Catesby's mother lived. Other houses there were of which we shall hear more later on, where if there was not knowledge of the precise plot, there were friends and sympathisers with the plotters. Rookwood was a specially valuable ally, for he possessed a wonderful stud of horses noted for their speed ; and it was arranged to place relays of these all the way to London to bring down the news express.

Sir Everard's rôle was to bring together, under the pretext of a hunting party, or race meeting, all the Catholic gentlemen within reach, with their servants, on the day the catastrophe was to occur, in the expectation that, taken by surprise at the news and the rumour which the conspirators intended to spread that all the Catholics were to have their throats cut, they would join the rebellion in a compact body, if only in self-defence. And backwards and forwards among all his

friends moved the indefatigable Catesby; organizing and arranging every detail, so that there might be no failure in any part of the scheme, but that the events should follow on without a hitch.

There moved also among them the smooth and wily Jesuit, Garnet, holding no open conference with any, "because that might derogate from the reverence of his place, that a Jesuit, and a Superior of them, should openly join with laymen in a cause of so much blood," but insinuating, exhorting, reassuring; in short, carefully nurturing in men's minds the seeds which were intended to ripen to so dreadful a harvest. Although Garnet would not discuss the matter openly with laymen, he was well acquainted with all the particulars, they having been disclosed to him months before under the seal of confession by Tesmond—better known as Greenway. Garnet insisted on the tale being told as a confession for his own security; and on Tesmond saying that it was too long to repeat kneeling, he answered that it should be

an ambulatory confession made while they were walking. It will be seen therefore that he was very well able to answer Catesby's questions about Nocents and Innocents, and in fact, though he left all the gunpowder part to laymen without enquiring too closely into it, he kept the diplomatic strings of the intrigue under his own control. He sent Sir Edmund Baynham on a mission to Rome ; partly to gain the Pope's sanction for "a certain enterprise about to be attempted in England" and partly to plant some one at the Papal Court whom he could trust when the news arrived there.

Sir Edmund was not privy to the plot, but he knew vaguely in common with the other discontented Catholics that something was about to be attempted shortly. One part of the programme had been altered, it was doubtful whether Prince Charles would accompany his father to the opening of Parliament : if he did not do so, he was to be seized as well as the Princess Elizabeth, and whichever of them would conform to

the Roman Catholic faith was to be placed on the Throne; a Protector being chosen from among the Catholic nobility.

By this time the 3rd of October, the date of the prorogation, was drawing near; but it was suddenly announced that Parliament was prorogued again to the 5th of November; and this news made the conspirators uneasy, as they feared it betokened that their plans had been discovered. Thomas Wintour, who acted as occasional secretary to Lord Mounteagle, volunteered to go to the prorogation and find out how matters stood.

He found the Lords Commissioners walking about very unconcernedly over the place where the powder was stored, evidently quite unsuspicious of any danger! he therefore returned to his friends, and reported all well.

Most of the confederates now assembled in London, and as the catastrophe for which they had been preparing was so near at hand, many of them began to realise more

fully what it was they were about to do, and the claims of family affection and friendship began to assert themselves.

An excited meeting was held in a lone house, and most of them spoke of some friend or relation whom they were desirous to save. Percy wished to warn the Duke of Northumberland, Keyes pleaded for Lord Mordaunt, who had befriended his wife and children ; one spoke for Lord Montague ; another for the young Lord Arundel ; while Tresham insisted so vehemently that his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle, should have timely warning that the dispute became very sharp between him, Catesby and Wintour. At length Catesby overbore all remonstrance, and put an end to the altercation by saying that no warning should be given to anyone ; that most of the Catholics would naturally be absent but of those who attended the King, "though they were as dear to him as his own sons yet they must be blown up." The masterfulness of the man had its usual effect, the others were

silenced if not convinced, and bowed to the strength of his will.

As it was dangerous for them to remain in London they dispersed, and went down to the country for about ten days. The secret history of those ten days will probably never now be known. That the plot was betrayed to Lord Mounteagle, that he took the information to Cecil, and that to shield the informer a little drama was arranged between them appears tolerably certain: but the secret of the intermediate actors was well kept, and the precise particulars never got abroad. Mr. Spink, in his book on the Gunpowder Plot, published in 1902, a book of much genealogical and historical research, propounds the theory that the letter to Lord Mounteagle was written by the Jesuit, Father Oldcorne, at the instigation of Christopher Wright. But though all must be conjecture now on this point, the probabilities seem much more to indicate Tresham as the informer in the first place.

He was evidently a weaker man than the

others, and possibly his affections were warmer. We have seen that he had a quarrel with Catesby on the subject of saving his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle; and though his plea was overborne at the time, the wish probably returned in the quiet of the country with cumulative force.

His sister was the wife of Mr. T. Abingdon (or Habingdon) of Hindlip Hall, and if tradition is correct, as it often is, it was she who wrote the famous letter to Lord Mounteagle, on which action was avowedly taken, but through what channel the information was conveyed to Mounteagle in the first place there is no evidence to show.

Still it is inconceivable that if Oldcorne had been the medium by whose means the King and his Government had been saved from a dreadful death, that that same Government should not only have sentenced him to death, but put him first to the extremity of torture, and also that he should not have pleaded the fact in his own defence.

It is far more probable that while Catesby and the others were so busy with preparations, so immersed in innumerable details that they had no time for remorse—even if they felt it, which it does not appear that any of them (except Thomas Bates, ever did) Tresham, who had nothing particular to do, might have gone mooning about the country lanes in agonies of doubt and indecision, dwelling on the details of the crime about to be committed until he could bear the burden of the horrible secret no longer. Certain it is, that when the betrayal was known the suspicion of all the plotters was centred on Tresham. And Father Greenway's narrative, written at Rome, shows that the Jesuit believed him guilty. In this narrative he does not inveigh against Lord Mounteagle, who was the avowed channel through which the discovery was made, but he speaks with exceeding bitterness of Francis Tresham.

We have spoken of Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, this man was a victim to his

attachment to his master. He was admitted into the secret, because he evidently suspected something, but his scruples were great, and it took a good deal of arguing on the part of Father Greenway before he could be persuaded that the affair was not only lawful, but praiseworthy and righteous.

Meanwhile the plotters, all unaware of the counter-plot, were completing their preparations. Ammunition and arms were stored at Norbrook and Ashby : the invitations for the deferred hunting party had once more been sent out : a fast sailing vessel lay in the Thames, ready to take Guy Faux to Flanders. He was to fire the train by a slow match, which would give him time to make his escape, and a boat was to be in readiness to take him off to the ship.

The end of October found the conspirators back in London, and secretly meeting at a lone house near Enfield Chase, called White Webbs.

And now came the little drama arranged between Cecil and Mounteagle. The latter

had a house near Hoxton which he very seldom visited; but on the 26th of October sudden orders were sent to the housekeeper to prepare a supper, as he was coming there with some friends. While they sat round the board, a page brought Lord Mounteagle a letter which he said had been put into his hand by a tall man who ran away immediately.

Mounteagle tossed the letter to a gentleman near him, and bade him read it aloud; it ran thus:—

"My Lord, out of the love I beare to some of youer friends, I have a caer of youer preservation, therefor i would advyse yowe, as yowe tender youer lyfe to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this tyme, and think not slightlie of this advertisement, but retire youerself into youer countrie where yowe may expect the event in safetie, for though there be no appearance of anni stir, yet i saye they shall

receive a terrible blow this parleament, and yet they shall not seie who hurts them; this counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do yowe good, and can do yowe no harm, for the danger is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter, and i hope God will give yowe the grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection i commend yowe."

The company laughed, and thought the letter a hoax, but Lord Mounteagle shook his head over it, and said he should take it to Cecil.

Probably the statesman hoped that it was the conspirators who would take warning; and that this dangerous plot would fizzle out harmlessly as so many others had done. However this may be, they heard of it next day, for the gentleman who read the letter, and attached no importance to it, told his friend, Thomas Wintour. The plotters met together in great alarm, and Catesby at once taxed Tresham with having written the letter, but he most solemnly denied having done so.

CONCILIVM SEPTEM NOBILIVM ANGLORVM CONIVRANTIVM IN NECEM IACOBI ·I·
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGIS TOTIVSQ ANGLICI CONVOCATI PARLEMENTI·

His protestations were so earnest that Catesby and Wintour, who had drawn their daggers on him, sheathed them again. Day after day passed, and no steps apparently being taken in consequence of this warning, Catesby and the rest came to the conclusion that it was thought to be a hoax, and that their secret was still safe. The Wintours and Grant returned to Warwickshire to gather their retainers in readiness; the rest remained in London. To those of the Privy Council who were not in the secret, the letter to Lord Mounteagle was really thought to be only a clumsy joke. King James always took great credit to himself for penetrating its hidden meaning, and, indeed, he deserves it, for the wording was obscure enough to puzzle anybody, except Cecil and his confidants who knew all about it beforehand, and unless, as suggested, they hoped the warning would be taken to heart, and would avert the danger, they must have secretly laughed to themselves all that week. As the grand object was if the plotters

were really proceeding with their infamous scheme, to lull them into false security, and take them in the very act, nothing was done until the 4th of November, the day before the meeting of Parliament, when Lord Suffolk and Lord Mounteagle, under pretence that some of the King's property was missing, first searched the Parliament House, and then went down to the cellar. Here they found a tall, powerful man—Guy Faux. Lord Suffolk asked his name, and what he was doing there?

"My name is Johnson," he replied, "I am Master Percy's servant, and I am looking after my master's coals."

"Your master has a goodly store of coals," remarked Lord Suffolk, glancing at the pile, then without showing any suspicion the two lords left the cellar. Faux hurried to tell Percy and Catesby of the incident, and then returned to his post, where he intended to stay till the moment of firing the mine.

The day wore on—with what intense repressed excitement on the part of the plot-

ters and counter-plotters—what agonies of mind of the betrayer can be better imagined than described.

At two o'clock in the morning Guy Faux was roused from a doze by a slight noise outside the cellar door. He listened, all was still—yet certainly he had heard some movement, possibly it was rats, but he thought he had better make sure that it was a false alarm ; he opened the door and stepped out, to find himself confronted with a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knyvett. They had stolen down the stairs, and now rushed upon him. Faux exerted his great strength to shake himself free, with the desperate idea of getting back to fire the mine, but it was in vain, after a fierce struggle he was seized and bound. Then torches were lit, and the cellar cautiously examined ; the faggots and coals were pulled away, and the barrels of gunpowder, with stones and bars of iron upon them were disclosed to view.

Faux was at once taken to the King's

bed-chamber, where James was waiting the result in much anxiety. Cecil was, of course, there also; other privy councillors were hastily summoned, and an informal interrogation took place, chiefly conducted by the King. The bearing of the desperado was bold and insolent, he refused to give up the names of his confederates, but he made no secret of the crime. When asked by one of the Scotch lords what his object was in so wicked a deed? he coolly replied with a sneer:

"One of my objects was to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland."

It may well be imagined that the news of the discovery that had been made, of Faux's arrest, and his consignment to the Tower, spread like wildfire through the city in the morning. Men rushed hither and thither, retailing vague rumours as actual facts.

"There was a general rising of the Catholics!—all Protestants were to be massacred—London was to be laid in ruins," etc., etc. And so the ball of rumour rolled till

there seemed no limit to men's imaginings on that historic 5th of November.

To the conspirators the tidings came like a thunderbolt. It was plain that all was over—that their diabolical scheme was frustrated: and in hot haste they mounted and rode for their lives.

Rookwood was the last to leave; confiding in the speed of his horses he lingered till noon to gain the latest authentic news; it was to the effect that Faux was to be placed on the rack to force him to confess the names of his confederates. To stay longer was to court destruction; a very few minutes saw him mounted and galloping after his friends. On Finchley Common he came up with Robert Keyes; at Brickhill they overtook Catesby and John Wright; and at Fenny Stratford they joined Percy and Christopher Wright, who had been the first to get away. Scant was the greeting as the party gathered; they threw their cloaks away that they might ride the lighter, and plied whip and spur furiously, using Rookwood's relays of horses;

for their one and only chance lay in their getting down to Warwickshire, and heading a rising before the failure of the plot had got wind. By six o'clock they had reached Ashby St. Legers, where Catesby's mother, Lady Anne, lived. It is 80 miles from London, and Rookwood had ridden the distance in six hours! Lady Anne was sitting down to supper when her son and his companions arrived. They only stayed half-an-hour to snatch a hasty meal, and arrange for an ammunition cart to be sent next morning to a rendezvous named, then they mounted again, and rode on to Dunchurch, where at the Lion Inn Sir Everard Digby was entertaining his hunting party. The sudden entry of these travel-stained men spent with fatigue—the sombre fire of desperation in their eyes—and the evident consternation of Sir Everard on receiving a muttered communication, startled the company who rose in confusion. One of them caught the words, "I doubt me we are all betrayed."

The honest country gentlemen, who had no wish at all to raise a rebellion or disturb the Government in any way, looked on one another in doubt and perturbation. The pause was broken by Sir Robert Digby, Sir Everard's uncle, who took the initiative.

"Nephew Everard," he said, "I know not precisely what the matter in hand may be, but I, for one, will have nought to do with it." So saying, he and his son left the room, followed by the rest of the guests who gathered their servants and made off for their homes in haste and trepidation, lest they should be involved in treasonable doings.

A hurried consultation was held by those remaining, and it was decided that they should make for Wales, gathering a force as they went, for Catesby still clung to the hope, despite the defection of Sir Everard's guests, that if they once raised the standard of rebellion all the Catholics would flock to it. Expresses were sent off in all directions, summoning their tenants and retainers, and

among others one was despatched to Huddington Court, where at a gable window which commanded a view of the road, Dame Alice, Robert Wintour's wife, was directed to watch for the coming of a messenger on the 6th of November; if he brought news of success he was to raise his hat as he came over the brow of the hill. Early in the morning of that day the lady was at her post, straining her eyes for the promised courier; it was not however till the evening that she discerned in the moonlight the figures of a man and horse topping the hill. Eagerly she looked, but there was no lifting of the hat; with head bent down, the messenger galloped to the house, and the lady hurried to meet him. To this day the tradition is held by the country people that on the night of the 6th of November, Dame Alice's ghost flits up the avenue, while a headless horseman gallops down towards her.

To return to the insurgents at Dunchurch; a few hours much needed rest was taken, and it was not before ten next morning that

they set to horse with their servants, in all about 100 strong.

As they passed Warwick they surprised the Castle, but did not hold it, contenting themselves with taking the horses from the stables.

The day before, John Grant had made a raid upon the stables of a Mr. Benock, a horse-breaker at Warwick, and seized all his horses.

Benock at once sent off a messenger to Lord Harrington, who took prompt measures to place the Princess Elizabeth in safety, removing her at once to Coventry; but it was a needless precaution, since she was no longer an object to the insurgents.

They continued their course, trying, but failing, to rouse the population as they passed. The next day their way lay past Hewell Grange, which they attacked and took, seizing arms and provisions.

Here a number of country people gathered to see what was going on; and Catesby made a strong appeal to them to join him.

"If," said a stout countryman, "we knew what you were going to do, mayhap we would."

"We are for God and our country," said Catesby.

"We are for King James too, replied the fellow, brandishing his staff as he marked the scowling looks of the rebels.

This was the sort of answer they received everywhere.

"Not one man," said Sir Everard Digby afterwards, "came to take our part, though we had expected so many."

On the contrary, their small force dwindled instead of augmenting, as one after another of the retainers slunk away, there were but sixty now of the hundred that started with them.

Still with the courage born of despair they held on, making their way through unfrequented roads, often fetlock deep in mud, so that their progress was but slow. The news of the plot had not yet reached the Midland counties, the couriers being de-

layed by floods and bad roads; nevertheless, Sir Richard Walsh, High Sheriff of Worcestershire, alarmed by the passage of this body of armed men through the county followed in close pursuit, accompanied by Sir John Foliot and several other gentlemen. Catesby and his party reached Holbeach House, the residence of Stephen Lyttleton on the evening of November 7th; and here they turned to bay. Sir Everard Digby had left them in the forlorn hope of being able to raise the Catholics of Wales; the numbers of the remainder were greatly diminished in the night; for Lyttleton's and the other servants, having no mind to fight in such cause, stole away under cover of the darkness, and the handful of conspirators were left alone. It must have added an extra pang to Robert Catesby's proud heart, smarting as it was with the pain of utter failure, to realise how completely he had misunderstood the feeling of the country.

He, and a small knot of ardent, fanatical, and discontented men like himself, had

credited the rest of the Catholics with the feelings and aspirations possessed by themselves; and fancied that it only needed one bold stroke to rally all of their own faith round them. But they found themselves repudiated quite as much by Catholics as Protestants.

The country wished for peace, not civil war; and although the tidings of the Gunpowder Plot had not yet horrified the honest people of the Midlands, it was perfectly plain that they did not mean to be drawn into rebellion on any pretext whatever.

And now a strange Nemesis overtook these men, and they had a taste of the very fate they had prepared for others. In crossing a swollen ford the day before, the water got into their ammunition cart and wetted the powder. Catesby spread it before the fire to dry, and the flame being low, he called for more fuel; one of the party brought in a log, which he flung carelessly on the fire, thereby scattering the sparks, one

lighted on the powder, and a terrific explosion resulted. The house was set on fire, and the occupants of the room were hurled against the opposite wall, where they lay for awhile stunned.

They had hardly recovered their senses, and, blackened and scorched, were gazing at one another in dismay, one of them exclaiming, "A judgment! a judgment upon us!" when a trumpet sounded without.

Sir Richard Walsh had come up with his band, and now summoned them to surrender. To defend the burning house was an impossibility; their only chance was to make a rush and cut their way out; but when the court-yard gates were thrown open for the sally, Sir Richard's men, who had surrounded them, forced their way in, and for a few minutes there was a fierce hand-to-hand encounter in the court.

Catesby and Percy stood back to back in the doorway, fighting desperately till one bullet hit them both, killing Percy, and mortally wounding Catesby. He fell, but

dragging himself up again, he crawled into the hall, where stood an image of the Virgin. He threw his arms round it, clasped it to his breast, and expired.

So ended Robert Catesby, who *was* a villain, but *ought* to have been a hero, for he possessed the qualities that go to make one. Courage, patience, perseverance, quick perception, power of command, mastery over men, a steady purpose and indomitable will. All these were his, but all so twisted and warped by religious fanaticism, making a ruthless and wholesale murder appear to him but as a righteous and praiseworthy deed; that his very virtues acted the part of vices to drag him down to infamy.

The unequal fight was soon over; the two Wrights were killed, and Thomas Wintour, Rookwood, Keyes, Grant and Bates taken prisoners.

Robert Wintour and Lyttleton escaped for some time, but were captured in a few weeks; Sir Everard Digby was also taken. They were all sent to the Tower, where

Tresham had been from the first; he had been arrested at once, which (on the hypothesis that he was the original informer) was probably part of the arrangment with Cecil to avert the suspicion of his confederates. Whether remorse for having betrayed his friends, or fear for himself preyed on his mind, we cannot say, but he fell ill and died before the others were brought to trial, and —"wavering still, unfit alike for good or ill," he died with a lie in his mouth. Wishing at any cost to exonerate Father Garnet, Tresham retracted the full confession he had made, and "protested on his salvation that he had not seen him (Father Garnet) for sixteen years."

Of course it was perfectly futile; there was plenty of evidence connecting the priest with all the conspirators, including Tresham, and that very recently.

On Monday, January 27th, 1605, Robert and Thomas Wintour, Robert Keyes, Guy Faux, John Grant, Ambrose Rookwood and Thomas Bates were tried in Westminster

Hall for High Treason committed in the county of Middlesex; and Sir Everard Digby for High Treason committed in Northamptonshire.

Having been all taken in the act there could be no doubt as to the issue of the trial. In fact Rookwood and Digby were the only two who attempted anything in the shape of defence; and they merely pleaded that they were led into the affair through their strong attachment to Catesby. For the rest, Robert Wintour and Bates simply craved mercy. John Grant, when asked what he had to say why judgment should not be passed upon him, stood awhile mute, then in a slow, submissive voice said "he was guilty of a treason intended, but never effected." Thomas Wintour only desired both for himself and his brother that they might be hanged. Guy Faux's mind was principally troubled by his having pleaded not guilty; he earnestly excused himself on this point; he did so, he said, "in respect of certain conferences mentioned in the in-

dictment which he knew not of." Strange, that a conscience so tender as to a slight technicality should have been so callous about the main deed. Keyes roughly answered that "his estate and fortunes were desperate, and as good now as at any other time, and for this cause rather than any other."

The whole of the prisoners were sentenced to death with all the revolting circumstances attendant on execution for High Treason; and the sentence was carried out in three days.

> They died as erring men should die,
> Without display, without parade.

Meeting their fate bravely and quietly, and expressing true penitence for their dreadful crime.

History of Chastleton.

HISTORY OF CHASTLETON.

INTRODUCTION.

THE original name of this place was Cestreton, derived from the Camp on the hill, now commonly, but erroneously called the Barrow.

It is one of a line of British camps placed at intervals along the northern ridge of the Oxfordshire hills, which were held by the tribe of the Dobuni ; while the Carnabii held the Warwickshire valleys below.

The line of demarcation evidently ran at the foot of the hill, for in the old deeds in the Oseley cartulary at Christ Church, Oxford, the villages upon this line are respectively called, "Compton-hen-merse, ("hen"

being, "old," and "merse," anglicised, meaning "march" or "boundary,") Cestreton-hen-merse, and Moreton-hen-merse. Compton and Cestreton dropped their surnames, but the Moreton one has degenerated into "in-Marsh," a libel on the place as there is no marsh there.

For the information about these tribes, I am indebted to Beesley's *History of Banbury.*

The next people to occupy the camp were the Romans, who slightly altered its conformation; they attempted in fact, to "square the circle" but only partially succeeded. In 1878, excavations were made on one side by a party of archæologists, Messrs. George Harris, E. W. Braybrook, J. E. Price, and Alfred White, all Fellows of the Antiquarian Society; and the result undoubtedly proved the Roman occupation, as indeed the name Cestreton indicates. Akeman Street, a Roman way running from the east of Britain to Cirencester and Bath, passes close to this camp.

There is a tradition also that it was afterwards occupied by the Danes, and that Edmund Ironside's last battle was fought near this spot. In Saxon times this district belonged to the Earls of Mercia, but at the Conquest, the manor of Hook (or Hoche) Norton, which extended to Cestreton was granted by William the Conqueror to Wigod the Saxon, who delivered up Wallingford to him. Robert D'Oyley married Wigod's daughter, and through her became lord of the manor.

The entry in Domesday book is as follows :—" Cestitone. In Edward the Confessor's time, Edwina, Earl of Mercia held it. In 1086, Robert de Oilye held it, and under him Ilbert held one hilde and one virgate ! Ralph half hide fee of the Bishop which Robert de Oilye has. The land is two plough gangs. Now in the demesne one plough with one bondsman and two bordars, ten acres of meadow. It was, and is worth 20 shillings."

Cestreton was certainly not thickly popu-

lated at that time, but it soon became more so. In the old deeds of Oseney Abbey at Christ Church, the names appear of Bardolf de Cestreton, who like his predecessor, Ilbert, held the land under d'Oyley of Hook Norton, Roger his son, Henry de Freton, William de Barton, William Fulco, Adam de Gangrene, Henry le Kinth, William Herde, Richard Hayne, John Phillips, and Ralph the miller.

Bardolf de Cestreton built the church in A.D. 1100, and presented it to the Abbey of Oseney. For endowment, Bardolf gave three acres lying between Wadewell and Small Weye, and his son Roger gave six acres in Hermonslede and Wasse-pool. These names cannot now be identified. Bardolf, the grandson of Bardolf, gave "for Roger his father's soul, to the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Cestreton, Ralph, the miller's tenement, and the whole of the meadow at Blakemoor."

Blakemoor is very constantly alluded to in these old deeds, and is probably the field

now called the Moors. Bardolf also gave the "tenement and fishpond which his grandmother had in dower," and another tenement occupied by William le Norreys, to Oseney.

Another endowment of the church was that of Roger de Emlode, who, "for his own, his mother's, and his wife's souls, gave an acre of land above Hunshulle, and an acre upon the Rugge." The field above the dove-cote is now called Hounsel; the Ridgeway is between Chastleton and Evenlode. Also William, son of Fulcon de Cesterton gave some land in Blakemoor; and William, son of John Ferde de Cesterton gave "a messuage, croft and garden in the hamlet of Brookende."

The church was evidently built over the burying place of some British chieftain, for when the work of restoration was going on in 1878, fragments of pottery—a sure indication in the opinion of archæologists that some person of consequence had been buried there—were discovered under what at that

time would have been the altar. The oldest portions of the church are the north door (upon which appears the two crosses of dedication and re-dedication), A.D. 1100, and the two arches opposite. In 1188 the western portion of the south aisle—and probably the tower—were built, the style being Transitional Norman. In 1226 the church was again enlarged ; and the north chantry, with its curiously crooked arch, was built for the use of the Brookend hamlet. The south aisle was added in 1335 by Sir John Trillow, at that time lord of the manor, and endowed by him "for the souls of his uncle, John Trillow, Isabel his mother, Isabel his wife, and Roger Beaufoy."

The first tower of the church was burnt by lightning, owing to its being covered with ivy ; the present one was built in 1689.

The chancel arch is old, but the chancel itself is comparatively modern, having been built in the middle of the eighteenth century, the old chancel being in a ruinous state. There was a glass screen which divided the

THE PULPIT: CHASTLETON CHURCH.

chancel from the nave ; and the former was filled with a large square pew on either side. These were the rectory pews, and there was a window in the screen which the rector's wife opened and shut at pleasure ; probably if her husband's sermon was too long she kept it closed, and indulged in a quiet nap. The church, having got into a very bad state of repair, was restored in 1878. The gallery at the west end, which was in a dangerous condition from dry rot, was removed ; the high, square and very unsightly deal pews were replaced by oak seating throughout ; the only exception being the retention of three old oak seats, possibly the original ones. The pulpit, which was a three-decker, with the reading desk and clerk's seat beneath it, was reduced from its high estate and placed on the other side of the chancel arch on a stone base ; it is of carved oak, the date being 1629. In moving the pulpit a small patch of fresco painting was discovered, and this was left intact.

Another rude fresco, however, on the

south wall, representing a cauldron boiling, filled with heads which a demon with a long fork was poking down, was not thought edifying, and was plastered over again.

The roof of the south aisle had got into a very bad state, and required complete renewal, and as the aisle had been built originally as a memorial one by Sir John Trillow, the then owner of the manor, the memorial idea was carried out by the coats-of-arms of the respective owners of the manor, Trillow, Catesby, Jones, and Whitmore-Jones being placed as bosses on the beams of the roof, the last boss being lozenge-shaped, to show that it was in Miss Mary Whitmore-Jones's time that the restoration of the church was made.

The manor-house pew was in this aisle; not quite square, for two of the corners are built across, and on the masonry being removed the entrance to a former rood-loft on one side, and a piscina and sedilla on the other were discovered. The total cost of restoring the church was £1,100; C. E.

Powell, Esq., was the architect; Mr. Alfred Groves, of Milton, the builder. The restoration of the chancel was commenced at the same time by the Rev. Jocelyn Barnes, and carried out by his successor, the Rev. G. A. Sneyd.

To return to the manor; Bardolf de Cestreton was succeeded by his son Roger, and he by a second Bardolf. Presumably the next man was Robert. The exportation of wool was forbidden at that time, but there was evidently a good deal of smuggling going on, for in Beesley's *History of Banbury*, it is recorded that "at an inquisition held in the hundred of Bloxham in 1276, it was found by the jurors that Robert de Cestreton and others, sold wool to merchants beyond the sea, but they knew not how many sacks."

Whether Robert de Cestreton lost his estate by these malpractices, or in what other way it passed, is not known, but the Trillow family were the next owners. Sir John, who built the south aisle, is the first mentioned. His son, Sir John, carried off

by force Joan, wife of Sir Roger Charlton, of Apley, in Shropshire. She lived with her captor for fourteen years, and at his death returned to her first husband.

The estate now descended in the female line for three generations. Elizabeth, Sir John Trillow's daughter, married first, William de Wilcote, by whom she had one daughter, Philippa; and after his death she married Sir John Blackett, of Icombe. Philippa Wilcote married Sir John Bishopsden, who probably lived at Broughton, as there is a brass to her memory in that church. Lady Bishopsden had one daughter, Philippa, who married Sir William Catesby. It was their son, William, who was Richard III's minister, and with Ratcliffe and Lovel was lampooned in the famous distich,

> "The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel the dog,
> Rule all England under a hog."

Sir William's estates were confiscated by Henry VII, but restored to his son George, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Empson. The formal deed of

pardon is with the other Catesby deeds, in the possession of T. W. Whitmore-Jones, Esq. The next in succession was Richard Catesby, who married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Spencer. By that time the original name of Cestreton had been transmuted first into Cheslington, then Chastleton, by both which names it is mentioned in the deeds of the period. Although the Catesbys possessed many a fair manor besides Chastleton, Ashby-St.-Legers, Lapworth, and others, they seem to have been continually in an impecunious state.

In 1530, Sir Richard, being as usual in want of money, raised some by a common expedient in those days. He "sold the marriage" as it was termed, of his son William, aged 14, to William Willington, for his daughter, Katherine, aged 12.

William Willington was a rich merchant who had settled at Barcheston, near Shipston-on-Stour. His great aim and object seems to have been to connect himself with the county families. He had seven daugh-

ters, and married them all to young heirs, or possessors of estates ; as Dugdale phrases it, "He advanced them in marriage to divers good families." The marriage settlement of William Catesby and Katherine Willington is a very curious document. One of the clauses stipulates that the two fathers shall bring their children to the altar "apparelled as beseemeth their station ;" and the banquet was to be "at the indifferent cost or charge" of both fathers. The wedding day was named, and it was provided that if the bridegroom died before the marriage, the bride was to marry his brother on the same day in the following year. The sum which Sir Richard received for the transaction was 630 marks, about £420, a large sum in those days.

For some reason, however, this very youthful marriage did not take place at the time specified ; it was postponed for four years, and then solemnised. William Catesby died young, leaving one son, also William. The widow married Sir Anthony

Throckmorton of Coughton, and had a numerous family. There is a brass to her memory in the church, and strangely enough, the name of Catesby is not mentioned in it, although her eldest son was in possession of the estate.

William Catesby married a cousin of his step-brothers and sisters, Anne, daughter of Sir R. Throckmorton, of Coughton. By the marriage settlement the estates of Ashby-St.-Legers and Lapworth, also Bromcham, Bushwood, Silksworth and Watford were settled on Anne Throckmorton for her life, leaving Chastleton, Rodborne and Ladbroke for her son, who was Robert Catesby, the inventor and principal agent in carrying out the Gunpowder Plot. He married Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, and resided at Chastleton, the baptism of his son is recorded in the parish register. He was a turbulent soul, and the death of his wife, which was an intense grief to him, rendered him still more so. He was mixed up in most of the attempts which were

made to bring back the Roman Catholic religion ; notably in Essex's rebellion, for his complicity in which he was fined £3,000.

The next scheme was that Philip of Spain should again attempt an invasion of England ; and in order to further this, Catesby applied for leave to raise a troop of horse "for service in the Low Countries."

To do this he required money, and as his mother held the other estates, his only resource was to sell Chastleton, which he did in 1602 for £4,000.

The deed of sale, with Robert Catesby's signature, is, with the other Catesby deeds, in the possession of T. W. Whitmore-Jones, Esq.

The death of Queen Elizabeth put an end to this scheme, and when in Catesby's dark and sinister mind the plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament had been matured, a portion of the purchase money of Chastleton was devoted to buying the gunpowder.

The purchaser of Chastleton was Walter

Jones, a rich woollen merchant of Witney, and a cadet of the family of Jones, of Grismont, in Glamorganshire. No sooner had Walter Jones got possession of the land than he began to demolish Catesby's house, and build the present mansion on the site. The only part he left intact was the cellar, the pillars of which date themselves as being a century or more older than the rest of the house. Indeed those in the farthest cellar (under the east tower) appear to be older still, and may possibly be the remnants of the original house of the Trillows or De Cestretons, but this can only be conjecture.

The following is the pedigree of the Catesbys in the direct line, from which it appears they had a happy family knack of marrying heiresses.

Sir Richard Catesby had several sons by his second wife, but only one, Edward, is given in this pedigree, from whom the present possessor of Chastleton, Thomas Whitmore Whitmore-Jones, Esq., claims descent in the female line (see pedigree No. 2.)

CATESBY PEDIGREE.

I.

William Catesby = Joanne de Arderne,
of Rodborne | d. of Wm. de Rodborne,
in right of his wife. | *alias* Arderne.

John Catesby = Emma,
of Ashby, | d. and h. of Robt. de Crau-
in right of his wife. | ford, of Ashby St. Leger.

John Catesby = Margaret,
| d. and h. of Will. Montfort,
| of Lapworth.

Joanne = Sir Wm. Catesby = Philippa,
d. of Sir Knt. | d. and h. of Sir Wm.
Robert Barre. | Bishopsden, of Chastleton.
2nd wife. |

William Catesby = Margareta,
Attinetus, 1485. | d. of William, Lord Zouch.
|

George Catesby = Elizabeth,
| d. of Sir Rd. Empson, Knt.
Restitutus, 1496. | She was remarried to Sir
| Thos. Lucy.

Sir
Elizabeth = Richard Catesby = Dorothy = Elizabeth,
d. of Will | | d. of Sir John d. of Edmund,
Astch, | | Spenser, Lord Bray.
of Nuneaton, | | 1st wife. 3rd wife.
2nd wife. | |

Wm. Catesby = Katherine,
Edward Catesby. | d. of Will. Willington,
from whom the | of Barcheston,
Harrises descend. | Remarried to Anthony
| Throckmorton.

Sir W. Catesby, Knt. = Anne,
| d. of Sir S. Throckmorton,
| of Coughton.

Robert Catesby = Catherine,
the conspirator, | d. of Sir Thos. Leigh,
attinetus, 1605. | of Stoneleigh.

William Catesby, R.I.P.
Buried at Chastleton.

Robert Catesby, R.I.P.

CATESBY PEDIGREE.

II.

Edward Catesby, of Lapworth, d. 1619. =

Edward Broughton of Little Lawford. = Elizabeth, d. and heiress of Edward Catesby.

Thomas Boughton = Judith, d. of Henry Baker, of South Sewbene, Essex.

Thomas Harris, of Leominster, d. 1724. = Anne, 3rd d. of Thomas Boughton, d. 1692.

Thomas Harris of Leominster. = Anne, d. of Humphrey Holden.

Thomas Harris of Rugby, d. 1781. = Judith, d. of Edward Boughton, of Causton House.

Thomas Harris of Rugby, d. 1800. = Anne, d. of — Harrison.

George Harris of Rugby, d. 1856, = Christabella, d. of Admiral Chambers.

John Harris of Sutton Bonington, d. 1897. = Jennetta, d. of J. H. Whitmore-Jones, of Chastleton.

Thomas Whitmore Harris took the name and Arms of Whitmore-Jones in 1900. = Irene, d. of Canon C. A. Dickins, Vicar of Tardebigge.

HISTORY OF CHASTLETON HOUSE.

WALTER JONES, the next Lord of the manor, while drawing out the plans and superintending the building of the "Great House at Chastleton," little thought of the use the purchase money was being put to. When the final crash came, he probably had some fears lest he should be supposed to be involved with Catesby, for among the deeds are two pardons, taken out for Walter Jones and his son Henry, absolving them from a number of offences from high treason to petty larceny.

Walter Jones was a rich woollen merchant

of Witney, but he was of good family, his grandfather being a younger son of Jones, of Grismont, Co. Glamorgan. The pedigree of this house dates back to Brute, the first King of Britain, said in the pedigree to be a son of King Priam of Troy, and it shows inter-marriage with the Tudor, Herbert, and many other noble families.

Walter Jones married Eleanor Pope, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. Her father was Henry Pope, the Queen's jeweller, and she was the niece of Sir Thomas Pope, Knt., of Wroxton, in the county of Oxford; he it was who founded Trinity College, Oxford, and bestowed the site and lands of Wroxton Abbey (granted to him by Henry VIII in 1544) upon that foundation.

The estate (of no great size now) was very small in those days for so large a house; the house, too, was built on the edge of it, probably for the sake of being near the church. Within a stone's throw of Chastleton House, and only just on the opposite side of the churchyard, stood another gentleman's

mansion. Here lived Mr. George Greenwood, a man of some note in the place, and patron of the living. His garden was immediately in front of the Manor House, and as the latter slowly rose, Mr. Greenwood, who objected to being overlooked, raised his garden wall every year until he could raise it no higher.

In 1632, Walter Jones died, and an inventory taken of his effects shows that the house was then comfortably and fully furnished according to the fashion of the time. He was succeeded by his son Henry, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Edmund Fettiplace, of Bruern Abbey, and by her had two sons, Arthur and Henry. Henry adopted the law as his profession, and eventually became Chancellor of Bristol; a bedroom in the house is still called the doctor's chamber from its being the one appropriated for the use of Dr. Henry Jones.

Arthur, the eldest son, who married Sarah Evans, daughter of a London merchant, espoused the king's cause, and joined the

Royalist force in 1642. He followed the unhappy Charles, through the varying fortunes of the war, and doubtless he was in the impetuous charge near the camp, which drove a party of round-heads pell-mell down the lane to Cornwall, and which has led to the spot being known as Pell-Mell Lane ever since. After the King's execution, Arthur Jones lived quietly at Chastleton until 1651, when Charles II made his descent into England. The loyal owner of Chastleton joined him with what small force he could muster shortly before the battle of Worcester.

On the night of the 3rd of September, Mistress Sarah Jones lay awake, full of fears for her husband and for the cause he was engaged in, for though an ardent Royalist, she had little faith in the young king's success in his attempt. In the stillness of the night, her ear caught the sound of a horse's tread, and listening more intently, she made out that it was the pace of a tired horse, and that it had turned into the stable yard. She hastily rose and dressed, and stealing

quietly down stairs, she drew back the bolt of the door, and admitted her husband. There was no need to ask how the day had gone, his disordered plight and look of despondency told the tale all too plainly. He sank into a chair and asked for food and wine, which she hastened to give him, and then in a few words he told her of the lost battle, and how the last hope of the Royalists was gone. While he was speaking, her ear, sharpened by anxiety, again caught the sound of horses, and this time of more than one.

"Aye, I thought the bloodhounds were after me," said Arthur, starting up, "my horse is dead beat, I have no chance of getting away, I must to the secret chamber."

He ran upstairs while his wife busied herself in removing every trace of his presence. By this time the soldiers were thundering at the door, and loudly demanding admittance. Mistress Jones went to it, and asked who it was disturbing a quiet household at that time of night?

"Open, in the name of the Parliament," said the leader, "we seek a fugitive malignant who is being harboured here."

Sarah Jones drew the bolt and quietly confronted the soldiers.

"Ye will find no malignant here," she said, "only a feeble old man, my father-in-law, my children, and my maids."

"Nevertheless, dame, we will make bold to search the house, there is a tired horse in the stable that tells tales," said the officer in command.

Inwardly quaking, but outwardly calm and composed, she led the party from room to room, and stood by, candle in hand, while they prodded the beds, and sounded the wainscotting, caring little how much damage they did.

Henry Jones was aroused from his sleep, and closely questioned, but the old man was evidently unaware of any arrival, and his denial that there had been one was given in perfect good faith.

At last they came to the lady's chamber,

through which the secret chamber lay with no other outlet, and again she had to stand by while they made a thorough, and as they imagined, exhaustive search. They did not find the secret door, but the poor lady's dismay may be guessed when the officer turned to her and announced that he and his men would remain in that room for the rest of the night, and requested, or rather demanded that supper should be served to them there.

"The best I have is at your service," she said, "but will ye not descend to the banqueting hall, where you can be better served than in this poor chamber?"

"'Tis well enow here," he answered carelessly, "food and sleep are what we want, no ceremonies of serving, so I pray you, fair mistress, use what despatch you may."

Sarah Jones dared not press the matter farther, she hurried downstairs and set her maids to work to prepare the meal. She herself went to the cellar to draw the wine, having first paid a visit to her medicine

chest, which was well stored, for like most country ladies, she did a good deal of amateur doctoring in the village ; from this she took a bottle of laudanum, which she carefully mixed with the wine. The meal was sent up to the unwelcome guests, who fell to it with much appreciation. Again and again the lady stole to the door to listen ; she heard the soldiers boasting with their mouths full, of their valorous deeds that day ; and she gathered that the party imagined themselves to be on the track of "the young man," as they called Charles the Second, and they were confident that they would be able to capture him on the morrow.

Gradually their loud talking died away into silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of sleeping men : then she softly turned the handle of the door, and entered with a noiseless step. Slowly she crept across the room, stopping by each man to test the reality and depth of his slumbers ; but the drugged wine was strong, and coming on

their fatigue, the narcotic had a doubly powerful effect. Sarah Jones disappeared behind the arras, and in a moment or two emerged again, followed by her rescued husband. It may be imagined what a breath of relief both drew, as she closed the door on the sleeping Roundheads.

Arthur's horse was still too lame and tired to be of use, but that of the officer having been well fed and cared for, was in better plight, and the cavalier borrowed him without further ceremony.

Next morning when the Roundhead troopers awoke, with painful recollections of the previous evening's carouse, they not only found their prey gone, and well on his way to safety, but discovered that he had borrowed for company the best of their horses. Their rage and disappointment knew no bounds, and there is no doubt that this was the keener on account of their mistaken supposition of the fugitive's identity. There was, though, nothing for it but to take their departure, which they did, threaten-

KING CHARLES' BIBLE.

ing all sorts of pains and penalties on the head of Mrs. Jones. After all, these do not seem to have been inflicted ; a fine was laid on the estate, but not a very large one, and in less than two years time, Arthur Jones returned home.

The family lived very quietly through the Commonwealth, their nearest neighbour and most intimate friend being Bishop Juxon, who retired to his Manor House at Little Compton after King Charles's execution. The Bible which the King presented to the Bishop on the scaffold is now in possession of Miss Whitmore Jones, and the chair which he used on the same occasion is at the Moreton Cottage Hospital. Tradition affirms that Bishop Juxon performed the Church of England service in the hall at Chastleton every Sunday, while it was interdicted in the churches.

Henry Jones (father of Arthur and Henry) died in 1656, and consequently did not see the restoration ; but it may be guessed that there were grand doings at Chastleton on the 29th of May, 1660.

A relic of Charles' days is still in the possession of Miss Whitmore Jones. It is a finely-executed miniature of Charles I, worked on copper. Above this can be placed several pieces of transparent substance upon which are painted various pictures, and these represent the different phases of the King's chequered career. Four of these curious relics were done at the Restoration, and of these, one belongs to the Jones and one to the Leigh family.

Arthur Jones, who died in 1687, was succeeded by his son Henry. He married Sarah, daughter of John Smith, an Alderman of London. The only fact to be recorded of this couple is that they had many children, most of whom died in infancy, and that Mrs. Jones was buried in a linen shroud, in contravention of the Act of Parliament, which to benefit the woollen trade had ordered that all persons should be buried in woollen. An information was laid before Sir Fairmeadow Penyston of Cornwall, and a fine of 50s. was imposed on Henry Jones,

all of which is noted in the parish registers.

The next in succession was Walter, who married in 1694, Anne, daughter of Richard Whitmore, of Slaughter. Walter Jones probably inherited his mother's delicate constitution, for he died in 1704, leaving two sons, John and Henry, and two daughters, Anne and Sarah, called by their brothers, sister Nance and sister Sal. Mrs. Jones was her son's guardian during his minority, and, as her account books show, managed the estate with great precision and economy. John died unmarried in 1738, and was succeeded by his brother. Henry Jones was a more notable character than his immediate predecessor, and more resembled his great-grandfather, the cavalier; his portrait, taken in costume as an actor in the Westminster play, shows him to have been a most handsome boy. When he grew up, his cousin, Sir Thomas Whitmore, of Apley, in Salop, made him his agent, at a salary of £400 a year. He was of a gay and lively nature, and in politics an ardent Jacobite. There

was a Jacobite Club in Gloucestershire, of which he was a leading spirit. The members of this club had a special design of glass manufactured for them at Derby; on the decanters were cut a spray of roses, a compass pointing to a star, and the word "Fiat." The glasses have only the roses on them.

There are only the remains of two or three sets of this glass in England, and that at Chastleton is most perfect, consisting of two decanters and eleven glasses. Another memorial of these Jacobite days is seen in the three Scotch firs standing at the end of the garden by the churchyard. This kind of tree was extensively planted by the friends of the Pretender before the rising of '45; but in this particular instance a little personal spite leavened the party spirit of Henry Jones, for, not being on very good terms with the Rector, he planted his Scotch firs just outside the rectory, which stood on a piece of ground now absorbed into the churchyard, with the amiable intention of shading the parson's garden.

Henry Jones married Mary Hancock, and through his wife came into a leasehold estate called Hardwicke, in Gloucestershire. But in spite of this, and his accession to Chastleton, he managed, between his politics and his pleasures, to outrun his income, and finally found himself lodged in Oxford gaol for debt. Shortly after this, in 1761, he died, leaving three sons—John, Arthur and Charles. John Jones succeeded to the impoverished estate of Chastleton, which was so heavily mortgaged that the income from it was under £300 a year. His brothers lived with him, as did also his uncle and aunt Hancock. The former was a dwarf, and his black satin breeches (still in existence) are only large enough for a boy of ten; nevertheless he was a keen man of business, and possessed considerable property in London. He and his sister both left their money to Arthur Jones, who had also inherited his mother's estate of Hardwicke, so that he was much better off than his elder brother. When he came into the

Hancock money he bought the Greenwood estate (then in the market) and lived in the old Greenwood house. That has since been pulled down, but a cypress and a Portugal laurel tree still exist as the last relics of the old garden. Arthur Jones married Elizabeth Saintsbury, and had several children, who, however, all died in infancy.

After the death of Charles Jones and the Hancocks, John Jones lived alone in the Great House, as it was called. He never married, for he was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of fair Miss Barbara Ingram. Mr. Ingram, her father, was the Rector of Chastleton, and after his death she lived with her mother and her sister Mary, (who married Sir William Boughton, of Little Lawford) at the old house at Wolford.

Miss Barbara was evidently possessed of great personal attractions, since three young squires of the neighbourhood—Chamberlayne of Maugersbury, Dickins of Cherington and Jones of Chastleton, were all trying for her favour. Nevertheless, the beautiful

Barbara looked coldly on them all; what the effect upon the others was, we do not know, but John Jones became a soured man. He was not naturally of the vivacious, light-hearted disposition of his father, nor of the sociable and amiable temperament of his brother Arthur; and having failed in his matrimonial venture, he never seems to have attempted another, but became a confirmed recluse, very much respected, and not a little feared by those who came into contact with him, and having his mind only bent on the improvement of his estate and house. He re-roofed the latter with Westmoreland slates, and repaired the walls on one side of the gallery ceiling. In doing this, it was necessary to cut away some of the beautiful plaster work; and a hundred years elapsed before the ceiling was restored to its pristine beauty.

Jerry builders did not exist in John Jones' time, and any work was undertaken quite leisurely. The stone was seasoned for three years, first under sheds, then in the open,

before it was used for building, and Mr. Jones exercised a very close supervision over his workmen. After they had left work for the day, he used to go and try if he could pick the mortar out with his knife; if he succeeded in doing so, the work had to be pulled to pieces next day and done over again.

While the house was undergoing these repairs he covered the courtyard gates with furze to prevent the undue curiosity of visitors being satisfied. He was, too, a keen upholder of all his manorial rights. He made the owner of Kitebrook pay a half-penny a year, for which he gave a formal receipt, for the privilege of crossing his fields to come to church. A Mr. Thomas Davis cut some thorns by the side of the road at Evenlode to the value of sixpence; John Jones compelled him to make humble apology in writing with an undertaking not to repeat the offence. Still another instance: a lady of Evenlode, in re-building her garden wall, put it four inches farther

out than she had a right to do. Mr. Jones, as lord of the Manor, pounced down upon her at once, and the wall had to be put back in its former place. With all this irascibility and strict standing on his rights, he was evidently very kind-hearted and charitable, for his name was long held in affectionate remembrance by the villagers.

When Arthur Jones's wife died, the two brothers were left each alone in his house; they were both getting on in years, and it may be imagined that having no near relations, the question whom they should choose for an heir became an important one to settle. Their thoughts turned to their cousins of the Whitmore family, with whom they had kept up a very friendly, though not constant intercourse. Accident determined which branch of this family their choice should fall upon. In the winter of 1812, Arthur Jones was attending a fair at Chipping Norton, and was hailed from the window of a carriage which was so blocked in the crowd that it could not proceed; its

occupants were an elderly gentleman, a bluff hearty sailor, and his very handsome wife.

"I am sure you are Jones of Chastleton," said the gentleman. "I am William Whitmore of Dudmaston; we are posting home from Teignmouth, and have got entangled in this crowd."

Arthur Jones was delighted at this unexpected meeting, and insisted that they should turn their horses' heads, and accompany him to Chastleton.

This they did, and stayed a day or two, mutually pleased with one another. They then proceeded on their journey, and a few days after they got home, Mr. Whitmore received a letter from Arthur Jones (written at his brother's request) asking whether his second son, John Henry, was provided for, and if not, offering to settle Chastleton upon him, provided he took the name and arms of Jones. Of course the offer was thankfully accepted, and from that time, young John Whitmore, then a boy of four-

teen, paid an annual visit to Chastleton as the acknowledged heir.

John Jones died in 1815, and Arthur Jones moved into the mansion house.

John Whitmore went into the army, but retired in 1821 on his marriage with Dorothy, daughter of Col. Clutton, of Pensax Court. The young couple lived at first at Bigswear on the Wye, but were driven from that house by the rats; the inroads of these gentry on the larder were bad enough, but when the creatures took to nibbling the noses and fingers of the babies it was decidedly time to quit. From Bigswear Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore went to Swerford Rectory, which was then to be let, and was only eight miles from Chastleton. They moved there at Arthur Jones's request; he was then a very old man, and he wished his heir to be in the neighbourhood at an easy distance. Arthur Jones died in 1828; and Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore moved to Chastleton the following year.

Instead of being the abode of a recluse,

Chastleton House now became the centre of activity. Whatever Mr. Whitmore (who now, in compliance with John Jones's will, assumed the name and arms of Jones) took up, he pursued with the ardour of his character. He farmed part of his land, he hardly ever missed a day of his magisterial duties, and above all, he was an ardent politician—a red-hot Tory in the days of the Reform Bill, when the fortunes of the party were at their lowest ebb. And whether he was canvassing from morning to night, as if his very existence depended on the success of his friend; or tramping over his turnips at five o'clock in the morning on the first of September; superintending the planting of his trees; or being the centre of a laughing group at the cover side, he did it all *con amore*. In short he lived the ideal life of a country gentleman, looking on its duties as pleasures, and its pleasures as duties; and his dignified and talented wife ably seconded his efforts to make Chastleton House the most attractive one in the neighbourhood.

The following anecdote gives a striking proof of his popularity ; he ceased to farm in 1845, and all his stock had been disposed of, but in the spring of 1850, Chastleton Hill Farm was suddenly thrown on his hands, owing to the death of the tenant, Mr. Davis. Mr. Whitmore Jones was quite at a loss how to cultivate the land for the season, and on his casually mentioning his difficulty to one or two of the neighbouring farmers they offered if he would provide seed corn, and bread and cheese and beer, to give him a "love haul."

The sixth of April was fixed, and in the morning, Mr. Whitmore Jones went up the hill to see the men at work. He had expected to find three or four ploughs ; but there were sixty-eight, ten of them double ones. The horses were decked out in ribbons ; and the men wore clean white smock-frocks ; altogether the scene looked like a gigantic ploughing match. One hundred acres were ploughed, harrowed and very nearly sown that day ; the drills

could not quite complete their work, and three came over next morning to finish it.

Mr. Whitmore Jones was afterwards told that great regret had been expressed that the "love haul" had not been made more generally known, or double the number of teams would have been there, but it was hastily got up one market day, and the farmers not present had not heard of it.

Mr. Whitmore Jones died in 1855, leaving four sons and six daughters. All the sons died unmarried; three of them, John Arthur, William and Wolryche Harry, inherited the estate in succession; the third son, Walter Thomas died in his brother William's life-time.

After the death of Wolryche Harry, the estate devolved upon the eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, the only one of the six who did not marry. In her time the church was restored, and a shop and laundry introduced into the village. She held the estate for twenty-six years, and then relinquished it to her nephew, Thomas Whitmore Harris, on

his marriage with his cousin, Irene, daughter of the Rev. Canon Dickins. Mr. Harris, in compliance with the terms of John Jones' will, took the name and Arms of Whitmore Jones.

The other daughters married as follows :—

Jennetta, married John Harris, Esq., of Sutton Bonnington ; had issue, Thomas Whitmore (as above) and Stephen, died in infancy.

Frances Barbara, married Rev. Charles Alan Dickins, vicar of Tardebigge, had issue, Herbert ; Alan (married Nora, daughter of W. P. Dickins, Esq., of Cherington) ; Margaret ; Barbara ; Eleanor, (married Dr. John Ball) ; Irene, (married T. W. Whitmore Jones).

Joanna Dorothea, married the Rev. Thomas Harris, Rector of Swerford.

Louisa Georgiana, married the Rev. C. E. Walkey, vicar of Llantrissant ; had issue, Charles Elliott John (married Miss Kate Brown) and Rowland Huyshe, (married Miss May Marshall).

Elinor Marian, the youngest daughter,

married the Rev. Henry Harris, Rector of Winterbourne Bassett; had issue, Henry Whitmore, (married Miss Elizabeth Haddington; had issue one son, Spencer, and three daughters), and Arthur Chambers.

The three Mr. Harris's, who married Jennetta, Joanna, and Eleanor Whitmore Jones were the sons of George Harris, Esq. of Rugby, solicitor.

It is not a very common occurrence for three brothers to marry three sisters; nor that five sisters should all keep their silver, and one her golden wedding!

Having now followed at some length the varying fortunes of the Jones family, some few words must be said about the Great House, the noble pile which the owners of Chastleton erected, and which, could it but speak, would doubtless tell many a long tale of the scenes in which it had borne a silent part.

It is built of grey stone, and is said to be one of the purest specimens of Jacobean Architecture in England, having never been

CHAPTER XVIII. BUSH NOTIONS.

added to, or altered in any way. It is not quite so large as it appears at first sight, being built round a quadrangle, called the Dairy Court. According to tradition, Walter Jones, the first owner, was his own architect; he began the house in 1603, and it was probably finished about 1614.

The entrance to Chastleton House is through a porch, which probably was once open and filled with benches for the accommodation of visitors until they were admitted into the hall. Let into the wall is a model of a bas relief by Sir Richard Westmacott, the subject being Repose.

The hall, with its carved oak screen at one end and dais at the other, its dark wainscotting and armour and family portraits, is an ideal picture of a room of the olden time. The long, oak table is the one originally in use for the lower part of the hall. Many of the chairs date themselves; there are some with the Commonwealth emblem, the scallop shell at the back, and some bearing the crown are of the Restora-

tion period. An old armchair on the dais belonged to Archbishop Laud.

The armour, which is very interesting, belong mostly to the time of the Civil War. That on the walls is said to have been used at the battle of Naseby; the horseman's pistol, spur, and two cannon balls are relics of the skirmish near the camp which has already been alluded to. A broad-sword used at Edgehill, and Arthur Jones' rapier are also memorials of the great Stuart struggle. The portrait over the fire-place is that of Walter Jones, the builder of the house. He was an official of the Star Chamber, as is shown by the documents he holds in his hand. On his left is his wife, Eleanor Pope, and on his right is his eldest son, Henry Jones; next comes Anne Fettiplace, wife of Henry Jones. The ring on Eleanor Jones' finger and the watch Mrs. Henry Jones is dangling are at the present time in the possession of Miss Whitmore Jones. The watch is a massive gold one and most beautifully engraven; until quite recently it kept excellent time.

CHASTLETON HOUSE:
MANTEL-PIECE IN STATE ROOM.

Next to Mrs Henry Jones hangs a portrait of Sarah Evans, wife of Arthur Jones, the Cavalier. The next is Dr. Henry Jones, the Chancellor, and next to him is a beautiful portrait of Lady Daubigny, by Sir Peter Lely; on the opposite side is a picture of Arthur Jones. The dining room is not so large as the hall, but is a well-proportioned room. One side of it is hung with a really magnificent piece of tapestry, one of a set of four, representing the four quarters of the globe. The piece at Chastleton is Asia.

Ascending the east stairs a corridor leads to the first bedroom. In the corridor are four curious old paintings of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and Gregory the Great, and there also stands an old and most valuable Gothic chest, of large proportions, and said to be worth over £100.

The first bedroom is now called the State room, but in the original inventory it is referred to as "Mr. Fettiplace, his chamber." The Arms over the fireplace are those of the Fettiplaces. In the adjoining

dressing-room are the remains of an old bedstead, in which Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited Ditchley. The walls of this room are hung with needlework; those of the bedroom with Old English tapestry, the subjects being incidents in Jacob's life.

The next chamber to be noticed is the old drawing-room, called in the old inventory "the Great Chamber." The arms are those of Walter Jones and Eleanor Pope; but the chief thing to notice about this room is the splendid ceiling, which Joseph Nash (who figures the room in his "Ancient Mansions") says is the most beautiful he ever saw. In the middle chamber the arms are those of Jones and Fettiplace, and in the doctor's chamber there is another grand mantel-piece (bearing the Sheldon arms), and also a fine carved bedstead. The tapestry in this room is said to be very valuable.

In the library is some more tapestry representing a Dutch scene, The Marriage Feast. There is also here a fine collec-

CHASTLETON HOUSE: THE OLD DRAWING ROOM.

tion of books, including many county histories, and what would be a gem to many bibliomaniacs—a first edition of ***ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.*** A carved chest in this room contains some interesting costumes and specimens of needlework.

The "Cavalier" room leads to the secret chamber, which, by-the-bye, is not at all secret nowadays, for the room which was formerly hung with arras is now papered, so that the door is not concealed. There was formerly a window in the inner wall of the Cavalier chamber which looked down into the hall, and enabled the lady of the house to see that the table was properly laid.

The gallery at the top of the house runs the whole length of the north front. In nearly all the old houses a long room of this sort is to be found; and the theory is that it was intended for exercise when the state of the roads rendered out-door pursuits difficult—and in the case of ladies almost impossible.

The gallery is a panelled room with a

beautiful domed ceiling, which long required restoration on one side, for when John Jones was effecting his repairs of the roof, it was found that the ends of the beams had rotted and the plaster work had to be broken away to enable them to be renewed.

The eyesore thus caused was long thought to be quite irreparable ; but it was proved not so by the skill and artistic ability of John Innell Minchin* and Ernest and Cecil Newman. The latter are the great-grandsons of the mason who had broken away the plaster just one hundred years before.

Minchin was confidential servant to William Whitmore Jones for many years ; after his master's death, he left for a few years, and then returned to the service of the family. He employed his leisure time in carving in oak, in which, though entirely self-taught, he displayed great artistic talent. He took the moulds of the various designs composing the pattern of the ceiling ; the

* John Innell Minchin died while these sheets were in the press, of pneumonia, following influenza.

CHASTLETON HOUSE: THE GALLERY.

Newmans cast the plaster squares, and fitted them to the exising work so excellently that it is difficult to distinguish between the new work and the old. In order to date the restoration of the ceiling, heraldic shields are placed on each side of the east window, lozenge-shaped for Miss Mary Whitmore Jones, and the arms of Whitmore Jones and Dickins for her nephew. On each side of the opposite window are two grotesque faces, commonly called Gog and Magog, but there is no tradition to show why such incongruous embellishments were placed there. When the ceiling was finished, specimens were sent to the South Kensington Museum, and were so much admired that Mr. Whitmore Jones received a request that it might be reproduced for a house being built near Kineton, to which he consented, and the Newmans, assisted by a workman from the firm of White, Allom and Co., did the castings of the replica in the spring of 1907.

The view from the east tower is a very fine and extensive one ; on a clear day the

three spires of Coventry can be distinguished. Amongst other interesting rooms in the house are the White Parlour, opening out of the hall, and the Oak Parlour, with its deep cupboards full of valuable old china. There are also several family pictures, among them being Walter Jones and Anne Whitmore; the point lace cravat worn by Walter Jones is still in being, and so likewise are the pearls shown in another portrait.

The Catesby room is hung with curious old tapestry made specially for the house, and bearing the initials of Walter, Eleanor and Henry Jones.

There is also a painted window, the gift of George Harris, Esq., portraying Catesby and his friends seated round a table in consultation.

We must not omit mention of the very quaint old kitchen with its blackened ceiling and rows of pewter dishes and plates, more admired probably by antiquarians than by modern-day cooks.

THE GARDEN: CHASTLETON HOUSE.

Nor should the old-fashioned flower garden be forgotten, with the sun-dial in the middle, the turf walks, and formal flower-beds, surrounded by box-bushes cut into fantastic shapes. In another part of the grounds are the tennis lawns, one of which was formerly the ancient bowling-green.

In short, Chastleton House, both within and without, is veritably a mansion of "Ye Olden Time," and dull indeed must be the mind that can view it, without feeling anything of the spell of the old historic past.

Chastleton, 1907.

APPENDIX.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MINIATURE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,

WITH TALC TRANSPARENCIES SHOWING THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THE miniature is beautifully painted on copper; the painting on the talcs is more roughly done, and the faces are evidently not intended as likenesses.

No. 1 shows the King with his crown and sceptre.
2. The King with a sword instead of the sceptre.
3. The King in armour.
4. In Riding dress, with hat and red cloak.
5. In Carisbrooke, looking through the bars of a window.
6. The dress the King wore in prison.
7. The King with the hat he wore at his trial, with the green and white feather, hence the saying, "Green and white, Forsaken quite."
8. The warrant for the execution being read to the King.
9. Bishop Juxon reading to him.
10. The King giving the Order of the George to Juxon.
11. The King giving his handkerchief to his son, the Duke of Gloucester.
12. The King's hands being tied.
13. His eyes being bandaged, but he had the bandage taken off.
14. The King stripped to his shirt, with the executioner masked.

No. 15. Holding up the head.
16. An angel's hand placing the crown of martyrdom on King Charles's head.

There are several of these miniatures in existence, some giving more, and some fewer transparencies.

THE WHITMORE FAMILY.

The Whitmores are a very old Shropshire family. The first of whom there is any mention was John of Whytemere, Lord of the manor of Claverley in the reign of Henry III. The manor came down in direct succession for eight generations. Then the eldest son, William Whitmore, apparently tired of country life, or wishing to improve his fortunes, became a merchant in London. He, in concert with one or two other London merchants was able to perform a great public service.

The Bank of Genoa was financing Philip of Spain in fitting out the Armada, but these London merchants succeeded in putting such a pressure on the Bank that the expedition was delayed for a year. For this service William Whitmore was granted a second crest, a hand holding a myrtle (or olive) bough; the Whitmore family crest is a hawk.

William died in 1593, leaving two sons, Sir William, who purchased the estate of Apley, in Shropshire, and Sir George of Balmes, at Hackney. Sir George was a staunch Royalist, and entertained King Charles and his Court at Balmes during his (Sir George's) year as Lord Mayor in 1632. He received the unfortunate Monarch again at Balmes in 1641; and he suffered for his loyalty. Balmes House, which is now demolished, being referred to by the poet as

"The seat of loyal Whitmore, good old man;
Who for his duty to his King, preferred
To pass in prison house his lonesome hours."

Sir George had also a country estate, the Manor of Slaughter (originally Sclostre) in Gloucestershire. It was formerly Church property, and at the dissolution of the monasteries it came to the Crown. King James I granted it in fee to Sir George Whitmore, and it has been held by the Whitmores ever since. It was a daughter of that house who married Walter Jones of Chastleton. Lieut.-General Sir William Whitmore, of Slaughter, served with distinction under Wolfe.

The Whitmores of Apley were one of the leading families in Shropshire for many generations, and it was such an understood thing that a Whitmore should represent Bridgnorth in Parliament, that the saying, "all of one side like the Bridgnorth election," was a proverb in Shropshire.

The family were strongly Conservative, and Henry, younger brother of Charlton Whitmore, was a Lord of the Treasury in the Derby-Disraeli Government of 1852. Apley was sold in 1867 to Mr. Foster. Dudmaston, another of the Whitmore estates came, like Chastleton, by unexpected inheritance. It belonged to the Wolryche family; the last possessor, a very young man, was drowned trying to swim his horse across the Severn when it was in flood.

His mother and sister were left with a very embarrassed estate; they applied to their friend, Charles Whitmore, of Southampton, brother of Whitmore, of Apley, for his advice and assistance, which he readily gave, and in gratitude the estate was settled upon his son.

William Whitmore, of Dudmaston, was the father of William Wolryche Whitmore, who succeeded him at Dudmaston, and of John Henry, of Chastleton.

AN INVENTARY of all and singular the Goods, Chattles and Debtes of Walter Jones Esq., late of Chastleton of the Diocese of Oxon deceased, taken valued and apprised the 14th day of May Anno Dm. 1633, by George Greenwood, of Chastleton aforsaid, gent, and John Wade of Little Compton in the County of Glour, as followeth, viz. :—

Inprimis, his wearinge apparrell	...	... xxli.
Item, his bookes in the library	...	... xli.
Item. ready mony in the howse	...	... lxli.

THE KITCHEN.

Item, nine broaches, sixe brasse pots, fower broad brasse panns, eight kettles, one brasse chifferne, one brasse bakeing pann, with other brasse skellets posnetts and brasse implemts, one paire of Iron Racks, fower dripping panns, with other usefull implemts there	xijli.
Item, one Table with a frame with forms, dressers, chaires, stooles, one leade washer under the cocke & other necessary things there ...	iijli. xs.

IN THE PASTRY.

Item, three dresser boards, three shifters, two stills, with other necessaries there ...	ijli. xs.

IN THE LARDER.

Item, three dressers, one great powdringe trough, one great powrdinge Tubb, wit other things there	ijli.

IN THE DAIRY HOUSE.

Item, one Table with a Frame, sixe lead milke panns in a frame cheese shelves, two churnes, a cheese presse with tubbs, milk panns and other things there	iiijli.

IN THE SELLERS.

Item, twenty-fower Hogsheads, sixe rundlets, three great skooles and settles for beare ...	vli.

IN THE CHAMBER OVER THE KITCHEN.

Item, fower large iron bound chests, one trunke, one court cupbore a chaire	vjli. xiijs. iijd.
Item, one joyned bedstead one doune feather bed with pillows and boulsters, a flock bed, a greene Rugg, curtains & vallance	xiiijli.
Item, Dovnix hangings, two great pictures, fiveteene smale pictures, 1 paire andirons, with fire shovel @ tongs, two windowe curtaines & rodde	iijli. xs.
Item, a clock with a larum	liiij.

IN THE NURSERY.

Item, two standinge bedds, one trundle bed, one feather bed, 2 flock bedes, 2 feather boulsters, and three flock bolsters with cov'let, blanketttes and mattrices	iiijli. sx.
Item, one great joyned chest, one large Table with a frame one Coffer one old large Trunke, two screw presses and other smale lumber there	ijli. vs.

IN THE LITTLE CHAMBER BEYOND THE NURSERY.

Item, One large feather bed and boulster One other boulster, one white rugge blankette and pillowes, one standing bedstead, one greate trunke	vijli. xs.

IN THE PANTRIE.

Item, One square table and a carpet one court cupbord, two wainscoat binns for bread, and a little glass cupboard ... ... } ijli.

IN THE HALL.

Item, One long table with a frame One court cupbord, 4 long formes & sixe joyned stools } iiijli .xs.

IN THE LITTLE PARLOR.

Item, One draweinge table with a frame one court cupbord one Arras carpet, one old Turkey cupbord cloth, one round table cloth with a carpet ... ... } vli

Item, Fower large windowe curtaines, two printed leather chaires, two needlework chaires with backs, one low chaire, sixe joyned stooles cov'ed with arras, one paire of tables, one paire of Andirons with brasse bosses, fire shovell, tongs and bellowes with some smale stooles ... ... } xli.

ITEM—IN THE PASSAGE BETWEEN THE TWO PARLORS.

One clocke in a wainscot frame ... ... iiijli.

IN THE GREAT PARLOR.

Item, One draweinge table with a frame and a court cupbord of Wallnutt tree one smale square table with a frame five chairs, one doz. of joyned stooles of arras work, three foot stooles ... ... } viijli. xvjs.

Item, One carpet, one sidebord cloth and cupbord cloth three windowe cushions ... } viijli.

Item, sixe large pictures ... ... vli. xs.

Item, 4 large window curtains ... ... jli.

Item, One large paire of brasse andirons one smale paire of andirons with brasse bosses, fire shovell and tongs ... ... } vli.

IN THE GREAT CHAMBER.

Item, one draweinge table with a frame, & one court cupbord of Walnut tree one smale square table, eight needlework chairs of irish stitch, one large needleworke chaire with a backe	x̃iiijl̃i. iiij$̃$s. ṽiijd̃.
Item, xxiiij pictures	iijl̃i.
Item, one fare paire of brasse andirons one other paire of andirons with fire shovell and tongs with brasse bosses	ṽjl̃i.
Item, one long turkey carpet, one cupbord cloth, and one side bord cloth of Arras, three fair window cushions of Arras	x̃x̃l̃i. x̃iij$̃$s. iijd̃.

IN MR. FETTYPLACE HIS CHAMBER.

Item, One feild bedd of irish stich with taffata curtains, taffata Quilt, one Downe bedd with one quilt over it one flocke bedd under it a boulster and pillowes of downe, and one fustian sheet	xxvjl̃i. xiij$̃$s. iiijd̃.
Item, one large chaire with a backe, one needleworke chaire, one cushion stoole, two low stooles with a foot stoole, all of Irish stitch, one court cupboard of Walnut tree, one cupboard cloth bordred with Irish stitch, one windowe cloth of the same, one traverse curtaine and one window curtaine and one window cushion	ṽjl̃i.
Item, one faire looking glasse with a canopy ...	ijl̃i.
Item, three large peeces of Arras	x̃x̃ṽl̃i.
Item, One paire of brasse Andirons, one paire of smale Andirons, a fire shovell & tongs with brasse bosses	iijl̃i.

IN THE LITTLE CHAMBER ADJOYNINGE.

Item, one bedstead with the canopie & curtaines, one feather bed, one flocke bed and cov'let and 2 blanketts & one little cupbord table ...	iiijl̃i.

IN THE MIDDLE CHAMBER.

Item, one feild bedstead, one large feather bedd with boulster and pillowes, taffata curtains vallance and cor'einge of Damaske one arras cov'let & blankette	xv̄ili.
Item, One long chaire with a backe, two low stooles and a footstoole impbroidered, fouer low stooles and one chaire of needleworke, one court cupboard a cloth, one window cushion a window cloth & curtaine ...	v̄li.
Item, one pair of Andirons with brasse bosses & fire shovell and tongs	v̄jš. v̄iijđ.
Item, Arras hangings, sixe peeces att ...	xv̄li.

IN THE LITTLE CHAMBER ADJOYNINGE.

Item, one feather bolster bedstead feather bed cov'let and blanketts	iijli. xš.
Item, one table, two trunkes, one close Stoole...	xv̄iš.

IN MR. SHELDONSS CHAMBER.

Item, one feild bedstead with taffata curtaines, valence & testerne, one Downe bed & bolster and pillowes one taffata cov'let one Mattrice & one Rugge & Blanketts	xxxli.
Item, one longe velvet chaire and two stooles, one high chaire two low stooles, one footstoole imbrodered, one other chair of Needleworke, one cushione stoole and a cushion to it ...	v̄li. xš.
Item, one Court cupbord with a green cupbord cloth, needleworke border and silke fringe, and three window curtaines ...	ijli. v̄jš. v̄iijđ.
Item, one paire of brasse andirons with fire shovell & tongs with brasse bosses and a paire of bellowes	ijli. xš.
Item, three peeces of arras hangings	xxli.

IN THE CHAMBER NEXT ADJOYNEINGE.

Item, one bedstead with testerne, curtaines, one feather bed boulster coverlet and blanketts ... } iijl̃i.

Item, two wainscote chestes, one map & fower pictures ... ... } jl̃i.

IN THE CHAMBER OVER THE PARLOUR.

Item, one feild bedstead with curtains, testerne and vallance of cloth one truckle bedd, one downe bed bolsters & pillowes, two feather beds one feather bolster, two flocke bolsters, two Ruggs, one cov'let, two paire of blanketts } xvijl̃i. v̄s.

Item, one presse, one trunke, one chaire, one table in the closet, one Rugge mantell two low stooles fire shovell and tongs ... ... } ijl̃i. xs̄.

IN THE CHAMBER ADJOYNEINGE.

Item, one bedstead two flock beds one boulster one blanket and a cov'let, one table & a frame, & one old chaire ... ... } jl̃i. xiijs̄. iiijd.

IN THE D'CORS'? CHAMBER.

Item, one feild bedd with testerne Curtains and Valance one other bedd with a Canopy & feather bedds two feather boulsters fower pillowes one Rugge one Cov'lett two paire of Blanketts, one flocke bedd ... ... } xiiijl̃i.

Item, one chaire two stooles two Windowe Cushions, all of Irish Stich one Needleworke chaire, one Court Cupbord and cloth, three Window Curtaines, one Picture, one paire of Andirons, fire shovell and tongs ... ... } ijl̃i. ijs̄.

Item, Dornix hangings ... ... vjl̃i.

IN THE THREE STAIRE CHAMBER.

Item, one bedstead Canopie & Curtaines, one feather bed and boulster one flocke bed one cov'let and blanket ... ... } v̄iijl̃i.

Item, one Court cupboard, one chaire, one square Table and eight smale pictures ... } jl̃i.

IN THE MEN'S CHAMBER.

Item, two bedsteads 3 flock beds & flock bolsters two paire of blankets and two cov'lets ... } iijl̃i. xs̃.

Item, Armes for a horsman, two Petronells and two old Halberds, one fowleinge peece & one birdinge peece ... ... } v̄l̃i.

Item, one Wainscott presse ... ... xv̄s.

IN THE TOWER CHAMBER.

Item, two bedsteads, two flock bedds with the furnitur ... ... } ijl̃i.

IN THE HIGH CHAMBER OVER THE GALLERY.

Item, one in laid bedstead with vallance and curtaines, one Feather bed and bolster, two pillowes and one Flocke bolster, one cov'let two blanketts, one court cupboorde ... } v̄iijl̃i. xs̃.

IN THE SERVEING MEN'S CHAMBER.

Item, two bedsteads one feather bed, two feather bolsters two flock bedds, two cov'lets and two paire of blanketts one court cupbord & one old leather chaire ... ... } v̄ijl̃i. xs̃.

IN THE GALLERY.

Item, one Square Table of Walnut tree, fower large quarter mapps, tenn pictures, three longe chaires and sixe stooles ... ... } v̄ijl̃i. xv̄s.

Item, Pewter Platters of diverse sortes, 8 doz. & 10 platters one large boiler five basons, two spout potts seaven pie plates, three great flaggons two quart potts, one pott costerne one cullinder one baie pott one puddinge coffin IX candle sticks, nine chamber potts weighinge 443l̃i ... ... } xxijl̃i. iijs̃.

IN THE WOOL HOWSE.

Item, bordes, plankes and timber, candlemoulds ijli. vs.

Item, one iron beame and skales, and three quarters of lead waights with other smale waights & one other woodden beame ... } xvjs.

Item, three iron wedges, one iron barr, one iron sledge one ax one sawe ... ... } xs.

IN THE MEALE HOWSE.

Item, one mault milne 3 great kevers three old tubbs ... ... } ijli.

IN THE BREWHOWSE.

Item, one brasse furnace, three great massinge vates with two Hoope two Coolers. ... } xli.

Item, fower cowles two kevers one still & one board one brasse kettle and other necessary implemts thereunto belongeinge ... ... } ijli.

IN THE CHAMBER OVER THE MILKHOWSE.

Item, two great double garners with some plow timber and other wood there ... ... } iiijli.

IN THE STABLE.

Item, one Buffe Saddle one pad Saddle and other implements there ... ... } ijli.

IN THE BARNE.

Item, five ladles one great Harrowe one dung crib, one long cart ... ... ijli. xs.

Item, two great Geldings ... ... xliv.

Item, tenn Mutteners ... ... vjli.

Item, Sixe Kine ... ... xxiiijli.

Item, 7 baken hoggs ... ... vli. xs.

Item, 12 load of Hay ... ... xijli.

Item, lynnen of all sortes ... ... clxxxli.

PLATE.

Item, gilt plate 239 ounces att vjs. iijd. lxxiiiłi. xiijs.
Item, plate p'cell gilt 262 ounces at vs. xjd. ... lxxijłi.
Item, White plate 294 ounces att vs. ... lxxiijłi. xs.
Item, one Nutt Bowle tipt and footed with silver ijłi.
Item, more money in the house ... cłi.
Item, debtes owing to the testator ... ... lxcłi.
Item, Some lumber stuff within the diocese of Worcester ... ... xłi.

Suma Totalis } Mlxᶜxxxvłi. xijs. iiijd.

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EDMUNDUS WOODHALL
registratrius.